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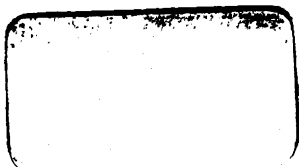
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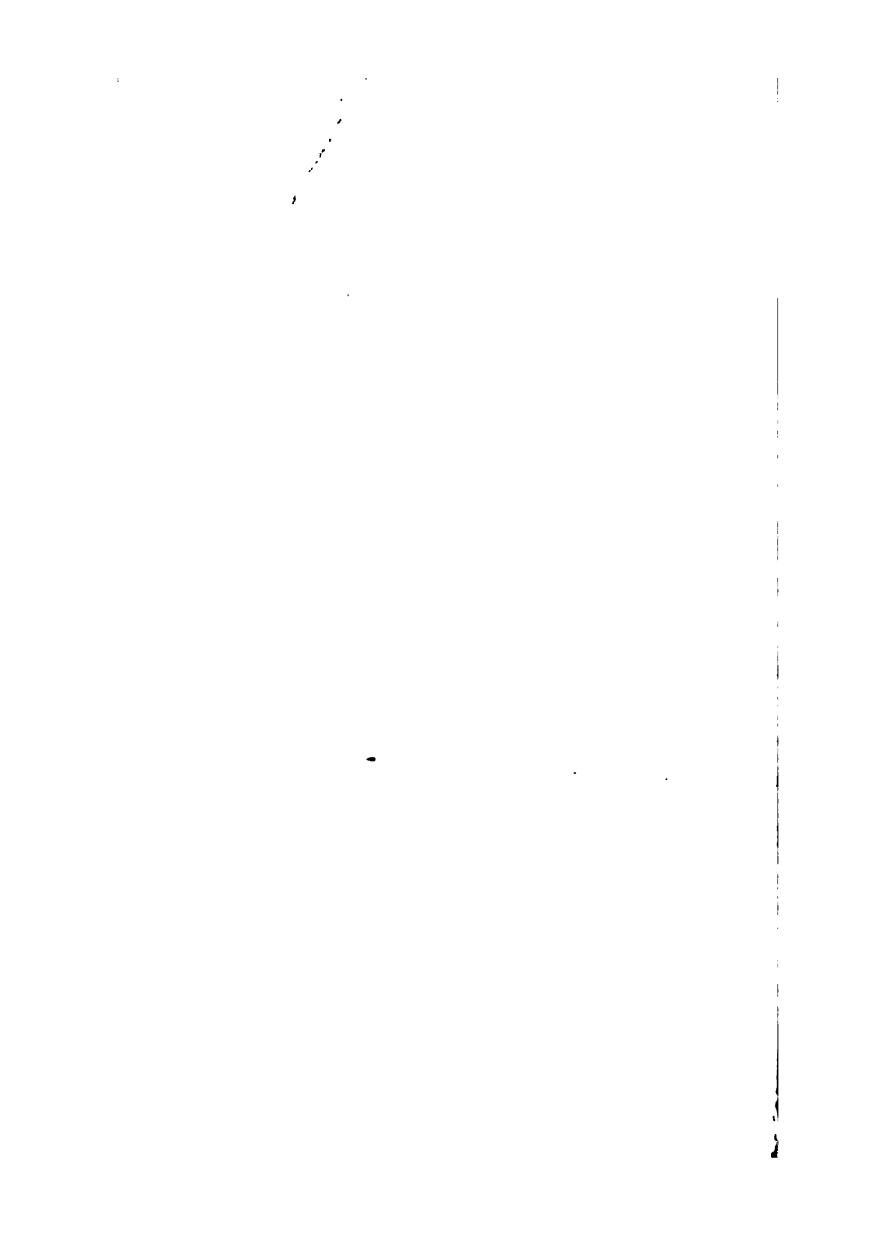


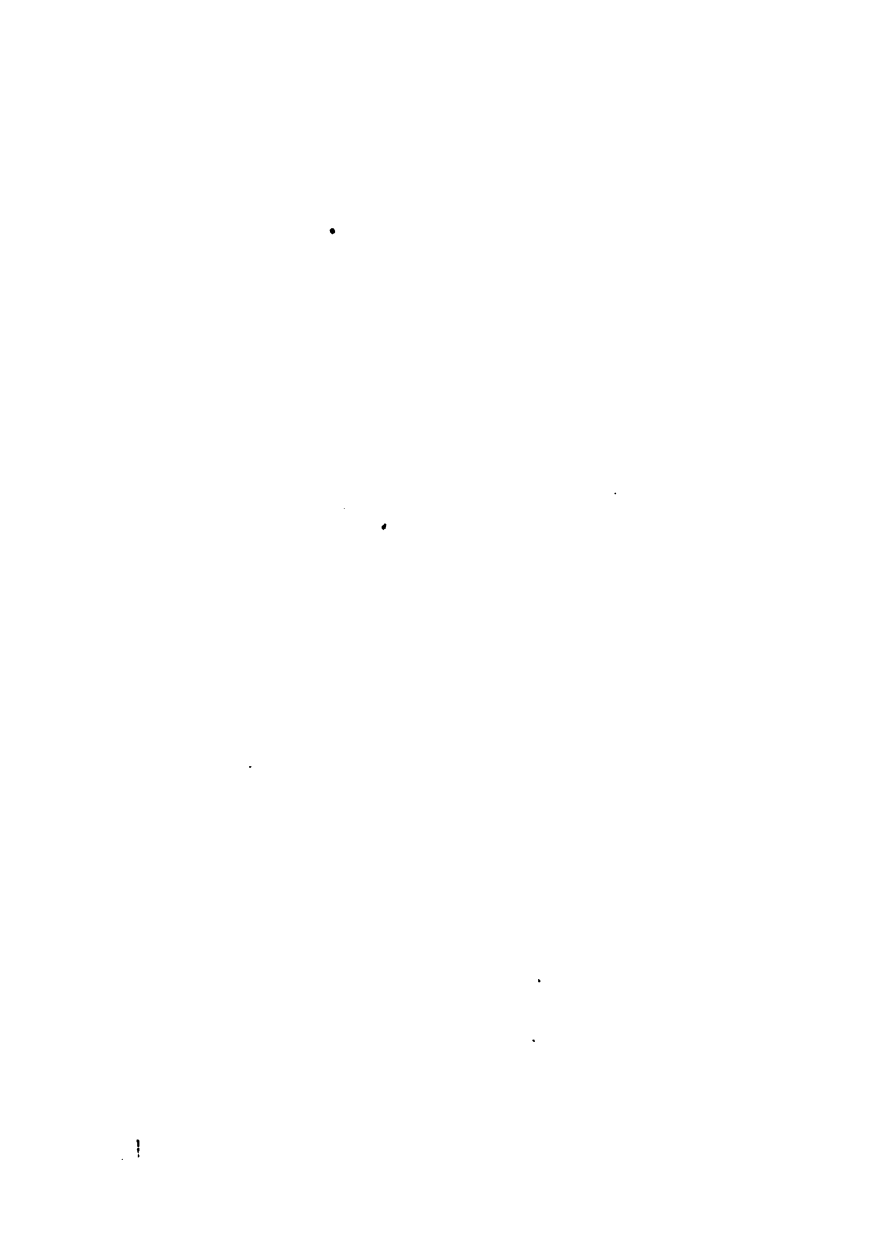
Ely, Mrs. Lucy C.

A MEMENTO

OF

MRS. LUCY C. ELY.





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A M E M E N T O
OF THE
LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH
OF
MRS. LUCY C. ELY,
WIFE OF ALFRED B. ELY, ESQ., OF NEWTON,
WHO DIED JUNE 6th, A.D., 1856,
AGED 25 YEARS.

—●●—
"The Memory of the Just is Blessed."
—●●—

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MEMENTO.



When she was taken sick it was very trying for her to give up the care of her dear children and family, and it was not without a struggle that she patiently yielded her wishes to the will of God. Her disease soon assumed an alarming character; but she acquiesced without murmuring in the Divine will, and cheerfully resigned herself to meet months of protracted suffering, although there was then hope of eventual recovery. She said she could put all her trust in Christ, and rest entirely in Him. Tenderly attached to her husband and her home, she loved the cares and duties of domestic life, and was loth to yield the charge of her dear children to others; but she soon gave up all anxiety in these respects, and felt a calm trust in Christ. She said that, during the wakeful hours of a restless night, when she felt that she needed to lean

upon some kind arm for comfort and support, she looked to the Saviour, and felt that, in answer to her prayer, He came very near to her, and it seemed as if His arms of love were around her to sustain and comfort her. The promises became very precious to her;—they even appeared new to her, so much more did they comfort her than ever before.

She recognized all her comforts as coming from the Saviour;—even a small bouquet kindly sent by a friend called forth her gratitude to him. "Can it be," she said, "that He remembers so small a comfort for me? How can he remember all my little wants, and supply them so tenderly? I did not think when I wished for some flowers so much yesterday, (for it was winter,) that He would be mindful of such a little comfort, and incline a kind friend to send them to me so soon."

After a time her disease seemed to be relieved, and she appeared convalescent. For a few weeks it was thought she would recover and live to bless her household; but God had ordered otherwise. When

this hope was taken away and she was told she could not live, it seemed for a few moments hard to bear ; but she immediately bowed to the Divine will, and with perfect child-like submissiveness and faith turned away from the world to Christ, and placed all her confidence and hope in Him. From that time she seemed to feel a calm unshaken trust in Him, and her peace was like a river.

She would sometimes look upon her dear babes and feel that she would be glad to live to take care of their tender years. She said she had had a great many bright visions and plans for making a happy home for her darling boys, and for educating them, but she had given them all up. "I have often felt," she said, "that I could not do as well for them as I could wish, and that I might be removed that some one better qualified might have the care of them ; but I have wanted to do them good, while I have felt my entire inefficiency for the work. Perhaps the Saviour is going to remove me that they may have better care." How tenderly

she loved them ! "You must tell them," she said, "how tenderly I loved them." But her love for them cannot be told—the depth of that love they can never know. Yet she cheerfully gave them up and trusted them with her Saviour. Her mother said to her that she had often feared she might be greatly tried in giving up her darling Willie. "Why, mother," she replied, "it does not seem that it would be very hard to give him up if God wanted him. It would not be hard to give up anything that He wished for." Thus was her will given up to the will of God, and her mind kept in peace, being stayed on him. "Peace I leave with you—my peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," were to her precious texts. She often desired to hear the 14th chapter of John, and enjoyed it very much. She would often remark, while listening to the verse, "peace I leave with you—my peace I give unto you," "how beautiful ! What a Saviour ! What a precious Saviour !"

In speaking of herself she said, "I have

had a very pleasant life, and have enjoyed a great deal here, and now the Saviour is so good when he calls me to give it up. All this, and Heaven too! Oh, it is too much! it is too much! I am a miracle of grace! How can the Saviour be so good to me, when I have been so unfaithful!" She was told that He was always faithful to his covenant people, although we are so unfaithful to Him. She replied "that must be the reason He is so good to me." The text, "I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on me," and similar texts, almost always drew from her the exclamation, "What a Saviour! What a precious Saviour!"

She said to her mother, "I seem almost to have lost my identity, so entirely has all fear and dread of death been taken away. I am sure I did not formerly look upon death thus. Can it be stupidity?" She was told that trust in Christ always gave peace in proportion as it was exercised; "he that believeth entereth into rest." She replied, "that is what it is, a rest and peace being stayed on Christ."

This was her uniform state of mind—a simple, childlike trust in Christ. She became as a little child in her faith and confidence in the Saviour. When she found that she must die, she immediately set her house in order. She made disposition of all that was hers. She wished to do it while her strength was equal to the task, and with her usual care for her dear husband and children, she arranged their wardrobes, and gave directions for their comfort for months and more, after she could do no more for them herself. Her tender care was over them to the last, and will continue to be felt by them long after her dear presence departed from them.

Her friends and loved ones gathered round her, and she bade them farewell as they came and went with a wonderful calmness. The dear father of her husband and herself (Rev. Dr. Ely, of Monson,) subsequently writing of it said :

“We all loved her, and admired her progress and improvement in intelligence and character, especially as a mother, and a manager of all her family affairs. She manifested a ripeness of judgment and de-

cision in all her domestic matters, which is not often seen in one of her age and experience. We were especially surprised and filled with wonder and thanksgiving to God in view of the calmness, and peace and joyful hope, with which she met the announcement that she must die. The calmness, presence of mind and judgment with which she made every arrangement for her departure were wonderful, such as I never witnessed in my ministry."

She often desired to have sung the hymns, commencing with "Jesus, lover of my soul," "Ye angels who stand round the throne," "High in yonder realms of light," &c., and enjoyed them much, although unable to sing herself. On being asked one morning, if she had slept or rested during the night, she replied with a countenance beaming with pleasure and peace, "I have not slept much, but I have rested some. I have had a comfortable, pleasant night. The Saviour has been very near to me. He seemed so near and so precious, that I asked Him to take me then, I wanted to go with Him so much. I could think only of those lines—

"We'll range the sweet plains on the banks of
the river,
And sing of salvation forever and ever;
Hallelujah to the Lamb who has bought us our
pardon,
We'll praise Him again when we pass over
Jordan."

"If my Saviour will only come so near
when I die, I shall not have one fear, but
rejoice to go. How I longed to have him
take me then. Heaven looked so pleas-
ant and the Saviour so precious."

At another time she said—"the prom-
ises appear new to me, and so comforting
and precious;" and when asked what
should be read to her, replied, "read me
something about the Saviour—some of
those precious promises."

She said to her mother—"I have not
had so clear views of the character of
God, except in Christ, as I should like. I
wish I could see His character, as God the
Father, more distinctly." It was replied,
that "he that had seen Me, had seen the
Father"—that God manifested himself in
Christ." A few mornings after this, after
having passed an almost sleepless night,
she said she had had delightful views of

the character of God and Heaven. "The moon shone beautifully in at my window, and reminded me of the brightness and glory of the heavenly world, where God was the light thereof." She was led to contemplate His character until her soul was filled with love and joy in Him. She desired the lamp might be put out, that she might enjoy the beautiful light that God had made, which reminded her of the light and glory of Heaven. In speaking of this sometime after, she said the character of God had appeared clearer and dearer to her, as her Father, since that time. God, in all his attributes, was more distinct and precious to her.

At one time, in conversation with her husband, he repeated the verse, "Oh, death where is thy sting; Oh, grave, where is thy victory," and spoke of the exultant tone of the apostle as he spoke of Death being swallowed up in victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. She said she did not feel any exultation, but she felt no fear—she was willing and ready to die. The Saviour had passed through the

portals of the grave before her, and she felt calm and peaceful, believing and trusting in him.

Her sister Mary had one evening sung to her the hymn, commencing, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and as she sat in her chair, with head reclined and eyes closed, she repeated—

"Glory, glory, glory. Glory be to God on high;
Sound through heaven, and earth, and sky."
while her countenance expressed great peace and joy.

At another time, when she appeared so cheerful that we could hardly realize her sickness, Mary said to her, "you ought not to wish to get well now the conflict is past, and heaven so near." With a sweet smile she replied, "I don't wish to, dear." At another time, speaking of death, she said, "It has no terror for me; I think only of the Saviour waiting to receive me; it seems as if I could see his arms stretched out to fold me to his bosom." She said to her mother on a Sabbath morning, "I should like to die on such a beautiful Sabbath; it would be so pleasant to go from this to a brighter one." She often

spoke of the delight of progressing in knowledge and perfection forever ; of having the character of God to study, and all eternity to study it in. She said she felt grateful for an existence that gave her the capacity to know and study God forever and ever. At another time she said "how poor and vain everything on this earth appears, compared with one glimpse of the glory that shall be revealed. I do not realize it as I desire to ; but heaven seems to me like a sweet quiet rest. The world seems more and more like vanity and folly, and heaven more and more bright." "Oh !" said she once to her husband, "what a poor place would this sick bed be to begin to prepare to die." A little while after, she said to her mother, "she had had everything to make life desirable, and such kind friends to enjoy, and now God was making her so happy, in giving her a sure anticipation of Heaven. What a salvation has Jesus provided ! What a sacrifice He has made ! and to think any should refuse when He not only offers, but entreats us to accept." It was replied, "He

stands waiting 'till His head is wet with the dew, and his locks with the drops of the night." She exclaimed "what an attitude! I wonder he can bear such ingratitude."

A kind friend sent her a delicacy to tempt her capricious appetite. "Oh, how rice," said she, "the Saviour sent me that." Speaking of the hopeful conversion of her dear brother and youngest sister, she said, "how good the Saviour has been to us in calling all into the ark; but, mother," she said, with a smile, "He is calling one of your children differently from what you expected. He is calling one *home* to Himself."

In speaking of her sickness it was said, "how trying that an accident should have caused it;" (it was probably a fall.) She replied, "don't look at the cause; God ordered it all, and it has been very kindly and mercifully ordered. We have only cause for gratitude. He has been very good in it all. It is all mercy. I have great cause to be grateful that I suffer no more, and that He has led me down so gently, preparing me for death."

She wrote to her brother as follows :

My Darling Brother :—

I was glad to receive a letter from you a day or two since, and I am trying to write you a few lines this morning, though I did not think I should write another letter. I am glad you still remain firm and happy in your determination to serve the Lord. You have chosen, my dear brother, the only wise, the only safe, the only happy course. It gives me much pleasure to think of you, my only brother, as safe in the Ark. No one can take you from Christ, if you have once given yourself to Him. Though you may sometimes be sad, and dark, and despairing, yet never let go your hold on Christ. Trust Him, though you cannot see Him, and he will reveal Himself to you again. I write with difficulty, for I am very weak, and I cannot write much to you. I do not suffer any more pain than when you saw me, but I grow weaker. I shall not long remain here, and I anticipate a glorious change. I am happy in view of death. It has no terrors for me. Jesus has passed through its portals before me. What a *precious* Saviour. Love him always. He is very precious to me, and has been very kind and tender of me through all my sickness. We shall meet again, dear

brother, if not here, in that land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. There I hope to welcome you and all the dear friends I am leaving. With a sister's warmest love,

LUCY.

She was asked several times if she wished to recover. She replied, that the world had always been pleasant to her ; she had every thing in her home and friends to make life joyous and attractive. Yet she did not wish to return to it again. Heaven looked more and more attractive, and earth, beautiful as it was, grew less so. She would not be willing to return to it again, only that she might honor her Saviour better than she had done. She said when told that she looked sad—"I do not feel so ; I am not unhappy ; I feel peaceful ; but I am so sick, and it is so difficult to breathe, that I cannot look very cheerful." Her countenance indicated a mind at rest. She talked freely with her husband about her funeral and burial, and meeting her dear little first born who had gone before her to the Saviour. She spoke of a monument for her grave, and when her hus-

band told her he thought he should engrave upon it "She sleeps in Jesus," she said the thought of that was pleasant to her, and so she would have it.

A few days after, when suffering from great debility and want of breath, she expressed an almost impatient desire to die. She said that Heaven looked pleasant, as a place of rest, and earth was a tiresome place. When told it might be a part of God's discipline to teach her patience, she was grieved that she should have appeared impatient, and so might have grieved the Saviour. The next morning, speaking of it, she said, "I felt so sorry that I should have grieved the Saviour by feeling any impatience, that I begged Him to forgive me—don't you think he will?" She was told that He knew her frame, and remembered she was dust, and would forgive her. She said, "I do want to honor my Saviour in my death." She ever after appeared patient, and expressed no wish to live or die, although she felt desirous to depart and be with Christ.

The Sabbath before her death she wrote

on her bed, and with a pencil, to a dear early friend and schoolmate:

My Dear Jeannie:—

Your sweet comforting letter, so like your own dear self, came to me last evening, and in my great weakness I am trying to write you a few lines.—Of all my early friends, there is not one I so much desire to see and talk with as you, Jeannie. It seems as if you could just sympathise with me. I fear we may not meet in this world again—but we may meet soon in our Heavenly Home. Of late, Heaven has looked very bright to me, and this world very insignificant. Strange that we should fix our affections so strongly here. But we do not realize what a glorious immortality awaits the believer. Oh, I would not come back to earth again! I rejoice that my time of trial is almost over, and I shall soon enter on my *rest*. Dear Jeannie, I thank you for the assurance that my children shall be remembered in your prayers. They will need them. God will provide for the dear little boys; but oh, how much their mother would have liked to guide their youth. I do not now feel one doubt in leaving them. I think I can lay them in to the Saviour's hands. He will guide and direct them in the best way. I have

had some precious seasons of nearness to Christ here in this sick room and bed. He has sometimes seemed very near, and has been pleased to give me a calm, peaceful resting on Him, which is delightful. He is now preparing a place for me, and soon, I trust, will come again and receive me to himself, that where He is I may be also. Oh, what a precious Saviour! Eternity will be none too long to sing his wondrous love. And then to contemplate the character of God! Oh, oh, the feeble conception pains me.

This is a beautiful Sabbath morning. I did not think a month ago I should be here now, but I am still comfortable, though daily growing weaker. Good bye, my own precious friend, till we meet on that blissful shore where there is no more parting forever."

The morning on which she died, her husband asked her if the Saviour still seemed precious to her? She replied, "Oh yes, very, very precious;" and on a sister's saying, you are almost home, "yes," she said, "almost home, almost home." She was very drowsy, and said that thinking wearied her. She was told that she need not think, but rest all with Christ. "May

I then," she said, "rest in Christ and do nothing more." It was replied, that Christ had done all. He said it was finished, and she need only rest in Him and leave all with Him. She said, with a smile, "what a precious Saviour," and sunk again to sleep. Not long after, she complained of faintness, and fell asleep in Jesus, without a struggle, and was folded in those gracious arms that had appeared to her open to embrace her.

She sleeps in Jesus, and when the morning comes, that beautiful clay shall wake and rise a glorified body, to live forever with the Saviour she so much loved and so faithfully trusted while here below. "Oh, may I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his."

Gently, dear one, thou art sleeping,
Sleep that knows no earthly waking,
Home, and kin, and friends forsaking;
While their vigils sadly keeping,
Still in bitterness are weeping,
Loving hearts with sorrow breaking.

Radiant as with conscious seeming,
Round thy lips sweet smiles are playing,
Smiles to true hearts, speaking, saying,
"Light above the darkness gleaming,
O'er the tomb is brightly beaming,
Heaven beyond to Faith displaying."

When in memory never failing,
Forms once dear are coming, going —
When with pensive thought bestowing,
Loved ones lost we are bewailing,—
Tears, alas, how unavailing,
Tears for thee are ever flowing.

Yet we know 'tis selfish grieving,
Selfish thus to mourn thee sighing;
For thy spirit upward hieing,
Sin and sorrow ever leaving,
Bliss eternal is receiving,—
Bliss attained alone by dying.

Up to God the Father springing,
Palms of glory thou art bearing,—
Robes of light forever wearing,—
Hymns of free redemption singing,—
God the Son, thy ransom bringing,
God the Spirit, thee preparing.

Never more would we be calling
Thee again to care corroding,
Grief and tears and dread foreboding,
Dire disease, and death appalling,
Earthly chains, and fetters galling,
Ever here the soul o'er loading;

But thy dear example blessing,
While with stern temptation coping,
When in doubt and darkness groping,
To our work new zeal addressing,
Onward still will we be pressing,
Ever trusting, ever hoping.

Then farewell, till *time* retiring,
Ties of Love and Friendship breaking,—
Tolls of life and cares forsaking,—
We too sleep, repose desiring,
Sleep in Christ, by faith aspiring
Heaven and thee to find on waking.



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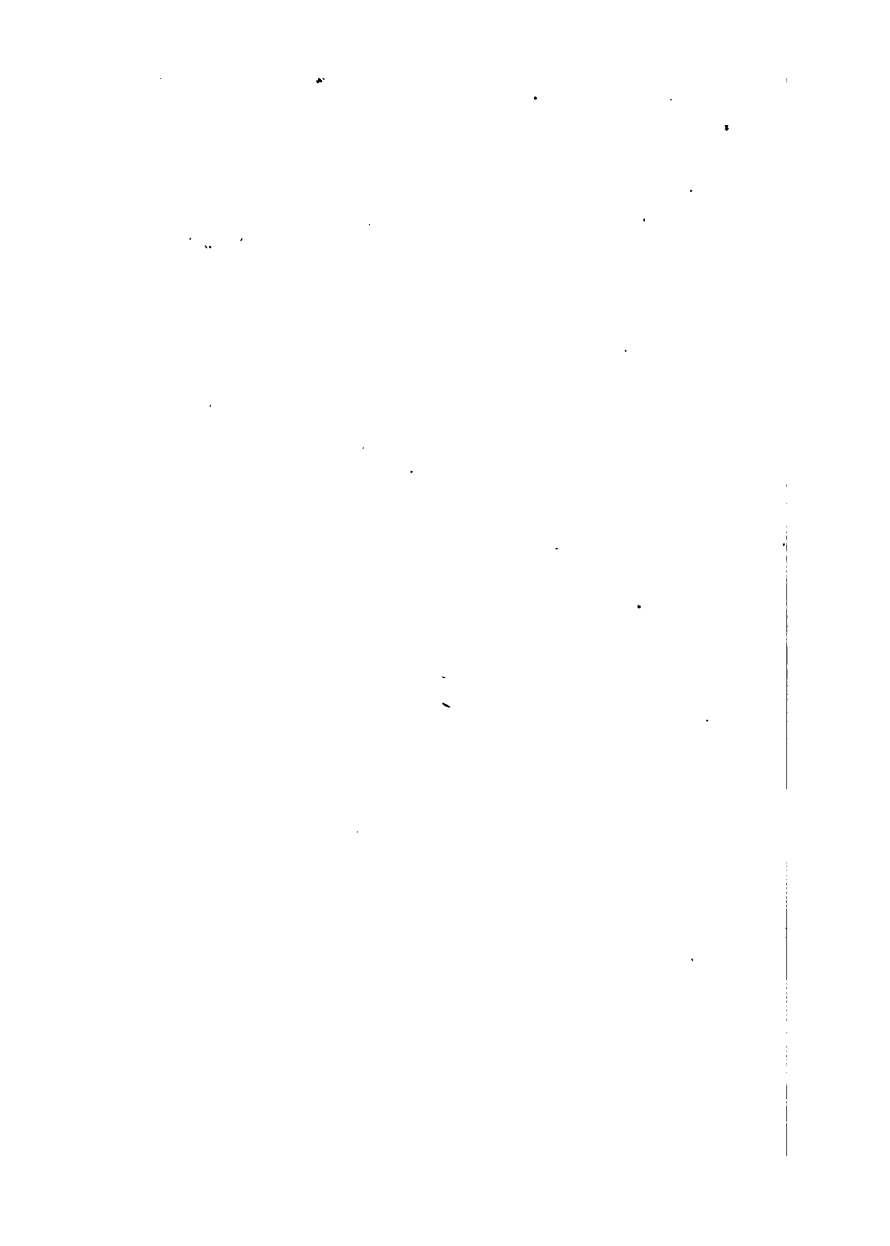
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